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Sarah P. Wiseman

THOUGHTS ON IMMISCIBILITY

I never took chemistry but I am aware that certain substances are immiscible. Oil and water, for example, and yet I consider that it is from a carefully structured combination of these elements that the printed word evolves, like a harvest of barley, like a birthing...of a kind.

I have heard that citrus and lactic products are immiscible. But what can one say of a breakfast where a small glass of flecked orange juice is placed beside a cup of coffee, topped with a ruffle of milk? I question the nature of immiscibility.

And yet I confess that, in the case of people, there can be a chemical element in the air of whatever it is that causes rejection. I have observed two people in a room, knitted evenly together. The purl and the plain of them causing a scarf, the scarf of them causing a warmth, the warmth of them causing a peace. But when a third person enters the room a knitting needle drops to the floor and the stitches unfurl. Hurt, like a substance that will not infuse, zig zags about the space in taut, invisible wires.

My daughter is all blue, a primary color, noble, bold, whole. She is bluer than all violets or a hot sea dazed by the sun. And I am, perhaps, yellow. It would appear that we could both exist, could in fact together form some several shades of green. Or remain by choice the colors we are, one complementing the other.....like wind in rushes or sky where it leans down to water.

But my beloved child appears to think we are immiscible. She curdles, rejects, retreats from my essence. Can it be she imagines I would diminish her own? Can it be she believes I would take away one drop of her blue?